The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The First Snow.

THE snow is falling gently, o'er valley, hill and plain,
Clothing in robes of beauty, the gray old earth again;
The sweet green fields of summer, and all its flowers are gone,
And the marshes by the river, have a splendor not their own.

I love the ice king's frosty breath, it stirs the pulses so,
And carries me in fancy back to scenes of long ago,
I see again my father's house upon the mountain side,
And view the broad Connecticut still rolling on in pride.

I walk within the ancient grove neath branches brown and bare,
And listen to the tinkling sound of sleighbells on the air:
The dear old home of childhood seems shrunken now and gray,
And like the glittering hopes of youth, is doomed to pass away.

I see again my father's form, aged and bent with toil;
I meet my mother's warm embrace, bask in her sunny smile;
I join the merry group of boys, my brothers brave and true,
And sing again the pleasant songs we sung when life was new.

As when the sun arises, we miss the morning gray,
So the simple faith of childhood must ever pass away;
But a firmer trust, and brighter hopes, may guide us on the road,
To a happier and enduring home—the dwelling place of God.

Mrs. A. S. Thayer.

"Whosoever."

THERE were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er.

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone;"

"I like Hope;" "and I like Love;"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more small than all the rest—
"I like Whosoever best;

"Whosoever—that means all,"
Even, I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will" may come,
Find a pardon and a home.

For the Myrtle.

Eddie's Bravery.

HAVE you ever, dear children, seen a ship leaving port for a long voyage?

If you have, and watched the men who went on board of her, to accept the hardships of the sea, and the tear-stained faces of the people who are left standing on the wharves, watching the vessel out of sight, you will know how to understand the picture of which I am writing, without my stopping to tell you more than the fact, that there was such a picture on a summer's day, in one of the towns of New England, and Eddie Wright, the little boy of whom I am to tell you, was a part of the picture.

Eddie remembered to have seen once, years before, just such a sad parting. But he had been too young then to realize the sadness as he was doing to-day.

He was still a little boy — perhaps you would have thought if you had been there, and seen him, that he was a very little boy to realize much about his father's departure.

You would have said, "Children easily forget, and this little boy will be like all other little boys. He will in a few hours from this time, have dried the tears from his face, and be playing as merrily as if this scene had never been, and no heavy hearts had ever been wafted away by ships, to leave heavier hearts waiting for their return on shore."

But this was not so. Eddie was taking a deep scene of his loss, and of his mother's loneliness.

As he was walking beside her, when she was returning to her now lonely home, he struggled with his blinding tears, for her sake. For though he was such a little boy, the thought came to him, that he could help others by his self control, or distress them by giving way to his grief.

So he choked down his sobs, and said:

"Don't cry, mother. Don't you remember Father said, that we should please him best, when we were happiest. He wouldn't like to have us cry, I know."

"I cannot help it now," Mrs. Wright replied. "Another day I will try to be more cheerful. We shall be very very lonely without your father."

"I know it mother. But I will try to take father's place as far as I can now. You know I am getting to be quite a big boy."

Mrs. Wright couldn't help smiling, even through her tears, to see the consequential air the little eight years old boy put on, as he began thus to speak of himself as a *big* boy, and think of taking his father's place.

But Eddie was really in earnest.

He had thought of all this before, and resolved that when his father was gone, he must try to be "man of the house."

When they arrived at home, he tried not to think how lonely the rooms looked.

Taking off his coat, he went into the wood-house, and commenced sawing wood with all his might.

Then he carried in several armfuls of wood and piled them up nicely in the box by the kitchen stove. By the time this was done, the night had come, for the ship went out by an afternoon tide, and now the first darkness had fallen on the lonely house.

Eddie went out and walked round the place to see that everything was right on the premises outside.

He looked to the gates, to see that they were well latched, to the wood-house door to make sure that he had locked it securely. To the shed where the hens were kept, and even to the kennel where Jack, the watch-dog, slept.

Making sure that all was right outside, he turned slowly back to the house, almost dreading to enter and see the empty chair at the fireside.

But again he said to himself, "*I* must be brave and cheerful, for mother has nobody else to depend on now."

The evening passed slowly, and they all welcomed the bed time when it came, thinking that they might in sleep forget their sorrow.

The next day was Sunday. Eddie was awake early, but he kept still that he might not disturb his mother.

When his little sisters Ada and Katie awoke, he tried to amuse them, and keep them quiet, so that their noise would not awaken the mother.

When at last she did awake, he was helpful to her in all ways that he knew how to be.

Mrs Wright noticed how kind her little boy was trying to be, and felt very much pleased by his thoughtful attentions.

When the time came for the family to start for church, Eddie went out first to the carriage. But instead of clambering in at once, as he had been accustomed to do, when his father was at home, he waited saying:

"If I am to take father's place, I must wait and help the ladies into the carriage."

This done, when he had seen them all comfortably seated, he got in himself, and sat on the front seat with the driver, talking very wisely to him about the horse, and the fields which they were passing, and all those subjects which his father might have talked on, if he had been there.

When they arrived at the church, he helped his mother and the girls out, and walked up the aisle before them, opening the pew-door, and ushering them in, just as his father would have done, if he had been there.

He seated himself at the head of the pew, after he had closed the pew-door carefully, and looked very demure and consequential. More like the head of a family, much more, than like a boy eight years old.

Never had Eddie listened to a service as attentively as that day. It seemed as if he were thinking how important the sermon was to a young man with such responsibilities.

Mrs. Wright noticed his sedate look, and felt amused as well as pleased by it.

After the service was over, Eddie took the family home in the same care-taking way as he had brought them to the church.

But it was at the end of the ride, that his newly assumed manhood was to be put to the test.

After they had alighted from the carriage, and

his mother had gone into the house, and the man had driven away with the carriage, a large dog came running down the street.

The children were standing on the pavement in front of the house, and Ada nearest to the side where the dog was passing. As he came opposite her he suddenly stopped, and seized her leg between his teeth.

Eddie and Katie were terrified.

Katie ran screaming. But Eddie thought at once; If I am in father's place, I must do what he would do if he were here.

He did not wait for a second thought but flew bravely at the dog, and seized him by the throat with both his lit le hands.

This compelled the dog to loose his hold of Ada, and Eddie cried: "Run, run, and I will hold the dog till you are safe."

This he succeeded in doing, though the dog was very strong, and struggled fearfully.

Eddie might have been badly bitten himself, when he loosed the dog. He probably would have been, but that a man with a cane in his hand, was coming down the street, and seeing the attack and the brave boy's attempt to rescue his little sister, he ran and reached Eddie just as he loosed the clasp of his hands, and the dog was turning upon him.

A few well aimed strokes with the cane, sent the dog howling away.

Mrs. Wright had by this time appeared on the street, and the gentleman turning to her said:

"Is this your little boy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wright. "How can I express my thanks to you?"

"I do not deserve thanks," said the gentleman. "But there are no words too good to use for this brave, heroic boy. I should rather have such a boy as that, than a mint of gold."

Eddie's heart swelled with pleasure as he heard these words. But at the same time, he felt a greater pleasure in doing the great deed than he could feel in any praise of it.

He had saved his sister from serious hurt. He had won his mother's approval by his act. And with it, he had won that happy feeling which comes only of doing good.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

THERE is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than discretion, a species of higher prudence.

"Like This Little Child."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"As this little child!" What a happy child he must have been as he looked on the faces of the wondering people around him, and then, turning to Jesus, met the kind smile of his friend! He might not understand what the words meant, but the look of love he knew very well.

We know how children loved Jesus, how instinctively they came to him, and how he loved them; but this little one must have been particularly dear to him. I do not believe he took *any* child that happened to be near him; I think he knew this one, had seen him at home and with his playmates, and knew of what manner of spirit he was.

Let us imagine, children, what kind of a child this must have been. Though the Bible says no more about him, I think we can easily tell what he was. Which one of your school-mates would you select as the one Jesus would choose if he were here now, and wanted to tell the people that they must become like "this little child" before they would enter the kingdom of heaven? Do you not think at once of the very happiest, most unselfish, best one amongst them all? One whom all the teachers have perfect faith in, and whom all the scholars love? This little one must have been one of these universal favorites, as good, thoroughly good, children always are. Besides this he had a perfect faith in the power and love above him,—a faith so easy to a child, so hard sometimes to a grown person.

Now, children, ask yourselves one more question: Would Jesus have chosen you?

Imagine you are standing close to him, looking up into his face as that little one did nearly two thousand years ago. Do you not believe he went home determined to grow up just as nearly like his friend as he could? I think this little child, at his play, his work, or his study, often thought of Jesus as he was when a boy, and asked himself: "What would he do now in my place?" And do you believe he was cross, or selfish, or lazy, after thinking of this?

Will you not try this way, children? Think of Jesus as your own age, and remember how as he grew older he grew better and better, and more of a favorite with his companions, his parents, and our Father.

FEAR anticipates and magnifies future evils.

For the Myrtle.

A Vain Show.

LITTLE May stood up for her concert piece,
All dressed as a flower-girl fair.
Her robes of muslin were white as fleece,
And ribbons were in her hair;
Flowers were wreathing her hands and dress,
Flowers in her basket lay,
Nothing was lacking in all but this—
She hadn't a word to say!

She had shaken her flowers and tied her bows,
And smoothed her ribbon bands;
She had chosen the brightest and sweetest rose,
To hold in her dainty hands.
And her roses and ribbons and garments fair,
Had claimed so much time and thought,
That when she stood in the concert there,
Her piece was all forgot!

Ah, what were her ribbons and roses then
To cover her shame and grief!
Ah, what would she give for those words again,
To come to her tongue's relief.
But her care and labor and thought had gone
To please an outward pride;
Her preparations were all put *on*,
And nothing was put *inside*.

Oh, little maidens in garments white,
And roses and ribbons fair,
Don't let your thoughts be smothered quite
In what you have to wear.
Though you deck your ringlets with roses red
And tie them with ribbons blue,
It is all in vain on an empty head;
Please furnish the inside too!

H. A. B.

———o-o-o———

A Cure for Anger.

Two little sisters, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together, when a little difference arose between them. Lucy, the elder, feeling that anger was rising, said,—

"I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes."

She went out, and soon returned with all the angry feelings gone.

How she spent the few minutes I think most of our little readers will know.

Lucy had not read her Bible in vain. She knew the meaning of these sweet and encouraging words: "Ask and it shall be given;" and many times had she found them to be true when fighting against her naturally hasty temper.

How many sad scenes would be avoided if all children would follow the example of little Lucy!

If any one offend you, before answering try to call to mind this golden sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." If you attend to it, you will save yourself hours of regret and repentance.

BE very circumspect in the choice of your company: in the society of your equals, you may enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors, you may find profit: but to be the best in company, is to be in the way to grow worse; the best means to improve, is to be the least there. But, above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.

Autumn Travellers.

AS soon as the cool weather of autumn comes, there is always great hurrying home on the part of the summer residents on the sea-shore and in the mountains. The trains are laden with people on their way south and west, where their snug houses are ready to receive them and keep them comfortable, while the fierce blasts of winter ravage the northern hills and freeze the spray that dashes up from the ocean.

Great hotels that were full of life and gayety are now deserted. Whole villages are entirely depopulated. What a packing of trunks there was! What a paying of bills! What crowds at the depots! What hand-shakings, and what a Babel of voices!

But these are not all of the autumn travellers. Millions that did not patronize hotels, but built little homes for themselves in leafy bowers, or in the green grass, or on rocks, or in the sand, or lived in little cottages built for them by friendly hands, have taken up their line of march south-

ward. Our northern woods and fields and gardens are deserted of the myriad bright-winged songsters who have enlivened and gladdened the summer days. These, too, dread the northern blasts. The leafy pavilions under which they have lived will be swept away, and the snow will fill their nests.

But down south there are forests dark with foliage, meadows green with verdure and bright with flowers. To the south land they hasten. While winter reigns in the north, they will find their home along the shores of the Gulf, in Mexico, and in tropical lands.

It is a very long journey many of them take, but they know how to travel with ease and comfort. They want no iron roads or puffing locomotives. They know how to float in the light air, and bear themselves on with greater than express-train speed. Over forests, swamps, lakes, and sometimes seas, they go, straight to the summer skies and flowery lands they seek. How they laugh at the clumsy men, building huge balloons, that they, too, may sail along with the clouds! They have no fear that their right of way through the airy regions will ever be interfered with!

There were some excitement and commotion when they were getting ready for their journey. Large family parties were held in some grove or tree, or on the spire and roof of some church, or on the roof of a barn away a little from dwellings. Just for the fun, and for a little practice in flying together, these various parties would sail around in the air, alighting on this tree and then on that. What a rustle from their hundreds of wings as they started up from roof or tree!

There was no trunk-packing. The travellers wore their best feathers, and never cared to pick up the few old ones that had been dropped. There were no bills to be paid. He who made the world, He who cares for the sparrows, had fed all out of the great store-house of his bounty. There was no need of collecting provisions for the journey, for He could supply as they had need.

When they were ready to start, they rose up into the air, and moved on with light weight and light hearts. Some of the flocks went straight to their southern homes, while others lingered on the way in the warm valleys.

Happy travellers! Our best wishes are with you. But we shall look eagerly for your return when the wintry days are over, and the south wind swells the buds and waken the flowers.

The Spider.

THE spider, in his airy hall,
Sits high in lofty state;
A thousand hapless victims fall
Around his treach'rous gate;
While still he daily calls for more,
And adds them to his mangled store.

Gay insects, on their gauzy wings,
Go singing by his way,
When from his den the spider springs,
To pounce upon his prey;
And grimly pleased he is to see
Their useless struggles to get free.

For litt'e do they seem aware
What cunning traps are set,
But get entangled in the snare
Before they see the net;
And yet, with their eight thousand eyes,
They might have been, I think, more wise.

Our paths in life are hung around
With cobwebs bright and fair;
We move upon enchanted ground,
And walk upon a snare;
Alas! how often are we caught,
And by the truth too late are taught.

A Silly Young Rabbit.

THERE was a young rabbit
Who had a bad habit—
Sometimes he would do what his mother forbid:
And one frosty day
His mother did say,
"My child, you must stay in the burrow close hid;

For I hear the dread sounds
Of huntsman and hounds,
Who are searching around for rabbits like you.
Should they see but your head,
They would soon shoot you dead,
And the dogs would be off with you quicker than boo;"

But poor, foolish being,
When no one was seeing,
Looking out from his burrow to take a short play.
He hopped o'er the ground,
With many a bound,
And looked around proudly, as if he would say,

"Do I fear man?
Now catch me who can."
So this young rabbit ran to a fine apple-tree,
Where gnawing the bark,
He thought not to hark
The coming of hunters, so careless was he.

Now, as rabbits are good,
When roasted or stewed,
A man came along hunting rabbits for dinner;
He saw little Bun,
Then raised his big gun—
And there he lay, dead, the foolish young sinner.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— We give some weeks later than we could wish the following interesting account of an Autumn concert in the Sunday School at Wakefield. The account is from the Wakefield paper. It wil give a good suggestion to other schools who are searching for ways to vary their concert exercises. "The Universalist Sunday School, Mrs. C. A. Winship Superintendent, held its annual autumn concert last Sunday evening. The vestry was indeed a scene of beauty, with its profusion of flowers and white-robed children. Pictures, banner and columns were draped with autumn leaves; piano, tables and brackets were loaded with vases and baskets of flowers and trailing vines, and a graceful centre piece was formed by a basket wreathed with smilax, containing fruits of the orchard and vine, backed by crossed sheaves of grain, bound up with lilies. To illustrate an exercise performed by fifteen young misses, an arch was constructed upon the rostrum, bearing the inscription in letters of blue and gold—"No Cross—No Crown." Its columns were decorated with green spray and brilliant flowers. Beneath the centre of the arch, and on a bed of ferns and mosses, stood a pure white cross, garlanded with English ivy, and above it was invisibly suspended a floral crown, while higher still was poised a snowy dove. In the niche on the right hand was a lyre, and on the left a harp, wrought of bright leaves. In the front of the platform was an altar which received the offerings of the infant classes in *their* concert exercises, which offerings consisted of branches of various trees and vines with boquets of the flowers and grains mentioned in the Bible. A beautiful dialogue, "The Messiah," was spoken by the little girls. Every recitation of the evening was perfect. The singing was led by the church choir, Miss Blanchard, a pupil in the school, presiding at the piano. Inez Day played the accompaniment to her song "Little Sunshine," and Mr. C. L. Bayrd executed a piece entitled "Autumn Leaves." The subject of the remarks of the Superintendent was "The feast of Tabernacles or In-gathering." A large portion of the rare flowers used in the adornments were the gift of Mrs. Wakefield to the school.

— The young people in the second society in Lowell have organized a "Murray Association," which will hold weekly meetings. The members are divided into four departments, and each provides entertainments in its turn. The Association has about one hundred members.

MAINE.

—From the *Banner* we learn that our cause in New Portland is in excellent condition. The meetings are well attended and the Sabbath School was never so large and interesting as at the present time. Br. Eibridge True is Superintendent, and he is earnest and faithful in his efforts for the improvement of the School which now number including teachers, rising one hundred members. The average attendance is about eighty. Something of the interest and earnestness of the school can be judged by the fact that no less than thirteen of the teachers and members of the Bible class were present at the Auburn S. S. Convention recently, a distance of 70 miles, 16 miles of which is by carriage.

How to do Missionary Work.

A writer to the *Star*, we suspect a lady, writes an appeal to the "sisters of the faith" to make the Sabbath School their missionary field. These are a few of her good words;

"From all quarters we hear the petition, 'send us a minister.' Do not wait for one. Gather your little flock together and organize your school; procure a sufficient number of copies of the *Helper* and Sabbath School papers, and go to work. If your resources are not sufficient to provide for your needs, call upon you nearest affluent sister Church, or upon the Sunday School Convention, and if that organization has no fund for such purposes, it is time it had, so you will rouse that body to the consideration of a vital question.

This is no Quoixotic scheme, you all know, but eminently practicable. I know a Sabbath School, organized five years ago with four little children and two teachers, that now enrolls over a hundred names, and this school has never had the pastor identified with its work. Also, a prayer and conference meeting connected with the same Church has been conducted nearly the same length of time wholly by laymen."

A Nebraska Sunday School.

—A Sunday School missionary thus describes a School he organized in a "Dug-out" in Nebraska. "The school-house is 14 x 16 feet; half dug-out and half sod house, and closely resembles a deserted cave. In the centre of the room a large pole is placed to support the sod roof. The floor is of earth, not very smooth, but quite substantial. The walls are rough and unattractive, not tone, or wood, or mortar, but earth. The people hail from different parts of the country, the majority from New York, and all enter heartily into the Sunday School. Said an elderly lady: 'We used to live within hearing of church bells, and when we left New York and came West, it almost killed us at first.' There is but one frame building in this district, the others are sod houses and dug-outs."

The Foot-Prints.---A Beautiful Answer.

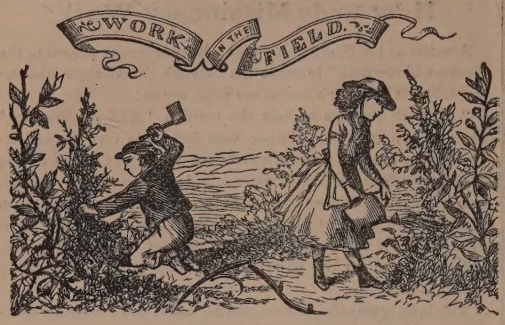
A French infidel, who was, as is usually the case with infidels, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, the Great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this, till at last, one evening, as he arose from his knees, the would-be philosopher asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know that a man and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet? Even so," said he, pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "that footprint is not of man."

A Good Word from the West.

The editor of the *Star in the West* who has been here lately on a visit says in his paper this week,

"There is great activity in our Sunday School interests at the East. The revival of the Sunday School Union and the various Institutes which are being held will bear abundant fruit in the immediate as well as the distant future. Let the good work go on."

This is all right, except in one particular. The Sunday School Union has always been in a state of "revival." It is simply *going on.* Its activity has never been suspended during the twenty-two years of its existence.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXVIII.—PAUL.

Question. — To what place did the missionaries go from Philippi?

Answer. — Acts xvii. 1.

Q. — What did the Jews have in Thessalonica?

A. — Acts xvii. 1.

NOTE. Jews assembled in their synagogue on the sabbath, in the same manner as we assembled in our churches, except that the men and women sat in separate parts of the house. The services were much like a conference meeting, for different persons spoke in them.

Q. — How many sabbaths did Paul go to the synagogue in Thessalonica?

A. — Acts xvii. 2.

Q. — What did he do there?

A. — Acts xvii. 2.

Q. — What did he prove from the scriptures?

A. — Acts xvii. 3.

NOTE. The Jews believed that the Christ was never to die. It was a long time before the apostles could understand and believe that he was to die. Paul proves to the people their scriptures teach that he was to die.

Q. — What other truth did he prove?

A. — Acts xvii. 3.

Q. — Did any Jews see and believe these truths?

A. — Acts xvii. 4.

Q. — Did Gentiles believe through Paul's teaching?

A. — Acts xvii. 4.

Q. — What did the unbelieving Jews do?

A. — Acts xvii. 5.

Q. — Whose house did they injure?

A. — Acts xvii. 5.

Q. — Why did the mob attack Jason's house?

A. — Acts xvii. 7.

Q. — What did they do with Jason and other believers?

A. — Acts xvii. 6.

Q. — What charges did they bring against Jason and the other believers?

A. — Acts xvii. 7.

NOTE. This charge was made in rank hypocrisy. The Jews did want and expect the Christ to be a king who would overthrow the Roman dominion over the Jews. But the Christians did not call him a king in the usual sense of that word.

Q. — What did the magistrates do?

A. — Acts xvii. 9.

Q. — What did the believers do with Paul and Silas?

A. — Acts xvii. 10.

Hidden Seed

Bible Questions.

How many days by Christ was spent
From resurrection to ascent?
What prophet with a kindred name,
Elijah's follower became?
What can you tell about the one
Whom Paul addressed as his son?
The parents of the man record
Who was forerunner of our Lord?
Can you the distant country name
Whence Abran, called of heaven, came?
What former friends, in Job's distress,
Spoke in reproach, and not to bless?
Who trembled—struck with guilt and fear—
As Paul's plain message met his ear?
When safe from Egypt's weary ways
Who led the w omn in their praise?
Who dreaming, saw a ladder high,
Whose top reached even to the sky?
Through whom, and where, and when, with awe,
Did God give man the holy law?

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